THE PACIFIC

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RELIANCE.

Not to the swift, the race,
Not to the strong the fight;
Not to the righteous, perfect grace;
Not to the wise, the light.

But often faltering feet
Come surest to the goal,
And they who walk in darkness meet
The sunrise of the soul.

A thousand times by night
The Svrian hosts have died;
A thousand times the vanquished right
Has risen glorified.

The truth the wise man sought
Was spoken by a child;
The alabaster box was brought
In trembling hands defiled.

Not from my torch, the gleam,
But from the stars above;
Not from our hearts life's crystal stream,
But from the depths of love.

—Henry Van Dyke.

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JOY AND WOE.

"Joy and woe are woven fine,
A clothing for the soul divine;
Under every grief and pine
Runs a joy with a silken twine.
It is right it should be so;
Man was made for joy and woe;
And when this we rightly know,
Safely through the world we go."

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

An eastern paper gives the following from a correspondent in California, which it calls "a splendid item": "Seven years ago, Long Beach, a popular ocean resort near Los Angeles, Cal., voted out all saloons. It was then a village of 3,000. Today it is a city of 18,000. When a recent tourists' palace hotel was erected, bar privileges were asked for. The people have just decided the point by voting **no,** two to one, stating that under license their bank deposits were $140,000, whereas today they are $5,000,000, that the city's class of citizens and its prosperity are due to **no saloons**, and tourists who must have liquor are not needed."

A prety good advertisement! It is not surprising that Southern California is securing year after year a large number of the most desirable people in the East; for there are many cities down there that take the same stanch position against the saloon that Long Beach takes. The secretary of a Long Beach investment company writes: "Looking at this question from a commercial standpoint purely we are strongly of the opinion that the prosperity of this city will always be brighter if we can keep the saloon from lodging within our borders." The same man adds: "As we compare ideas with modern business men we find a growing sentiment that a 'closed' town and business prosperity may go hand in hand."

It is to be regretted that sufficient people in Woodland, the Northern California city voting recently on the saloon question, did not realize this and act accordingly. We are confident that the banishment of the saloon from Woodland would have increased instead of retarded the prosperity of the place.

Los Gatos, the beautiful little city in the foothils of the Santa Cruz mountains, voted the saloon out last year, and it is said that such have been the results that many who opposed the movement are rejoicing now over the success of it. People will do well to keep their eyes on Los Gatos as a place for a home. Let it get known somewhat widely that Los Gatos has banished the saloon and intends to keep it banished, and its steady growth will be assured. Eastern people and people from all parts of the country can be guided there who will prefer it to any place in Southern California, inasmuch as it has some advantages as to climate which the Southern part of the state does not have.

Let Los Gatos stand firm in its attitude against the saloon, and it will in a few years be the "Gem City" of Northern California. God and Nature have done their part. The place with its 3,000 people sits on an ideal site for a city of several times that population. Los Gatos and many of our Southern California towns and cities are wise. Woodland and many others are otherwise.

ONE YER AFTER.

During the last twelve months San Francisco has courageously challenged disaster and a magnificent city has been gradually climbing up out of the ashes of the old one. The city has been rebuilding for many months at the rate of $100,000,000 a year, and more than two million dollars are being spent every week now in the work of reconstruction. Here and there great sky-scrapers dot the burned district, and hundreds of less pretentious fireproof buildings are being pushed rapidly along toward completion. Another anniversary will register remarkable progress. More will be accomplished during the next twelve months than during the last twelve.

There was no time for the work of reconstruction to pause last week when the anniversary of the great disaster had come around. Under the pressure of necessity—the demand for facilities for carrying on the business of the great city, all through its dark days still the metropolis of the Pacific coast—the building went on unceasingly. A few business and religious organizations, however, met in different parts of the city on several evenings, reviewed the past, considered present conditions, and looked forward into the future, forecasting it as they could. Without exception there was a spirit of optimism and courage. The general belief was that there will not only be a greater San Francisco, but also a better San Francisco.

As the present writer has looked on the city from time to time during the last few months there has come to mind the following poem by Aldrich:

"A certain Pasha, dead these thousand years,
Once from his harem fled in sudden tears,

And had this sentence on the city's gate
Deeply engraven, 'Only God is great.'

So those four words above the city's noise
Hung like the accents of an angel's voice,

And evermore from each high barbican,
Salute each returning caravan.

Lost is that city's glory. Every gust
Lifts, with crisp leaves, the unknown Pasha's dust,

And all is ruin—save one wrinkled gate
Where is written, 'Only God is great.'"

"Only God is great!" That is the lesson, or at least one of the lessons, San Franciscans should learn.

That thought seems to have been written everywhere throughout the ruined district. Men and women by the thousands have read it, although not in those words. They had built up a great city. In a few hours it was shaken and burned almost out of existence. Now they are at it again—building up a great city. They know, if only they will pause to think, that only God is great. On what foundations are they building? Long ago was it said: "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it; except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain."

God must be taken into account. Last year on the day of the earthquake a man said: "I had never believed in a God, but I do now." Thousands of people in those days of shaking and burning thought of God as they had not thought of him before. Today many of those people are as gay and as careless in life as they ever were. They took God into account for only a brief time. He may never again speak to them as he spoke in the earthquake and the fire; but he will speak, and they will know at last, so as not to forget, that only God is great.

THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.

The London Christian remarks: "For many people it is a mystery still unsolved that the odd and extravagant 'religions' which from time to time afflict and disturb the world have their origin in America. Spiritutlism, Mormonism, Dowieism, Christian Science, and a multitude of other heresies hail from the United States. The fact is too remarkable to be accidental. The explanation that America represents a higher culture than the old world, can hardly be made or taken seriously." The London paper says that a writer in the **Nation** accounts for it by an eagerness for quick emotional satisfaction which goes by the name of sentimentalism. "So it comes about that any novel notion in religion, politics, social experiments, laws, scientific theories, which carries some emotional appeal, and is launched by some 'magnetic' personality —a Joseph Smith, a Henry George, a Mrs. Eddy, or a Dr. Dowie—is likely to sweep like a prairie fire over large plains of the multitudinous mass-mine, carrying its inflamed recipients to any fanaticism of worship."

One of the features of the last decade or two, distinguishing them from others more remote, has been the fellowship and cooperation in many ways of religious bodies that did not theretofore come together thus, except with now and then an exception. The spirit which brought this about is growing. From Ann Arbor, Michigan, comes the following: "The most significant feature of the winter has been the breaking down of denominatioinal barriers. In former days there has been but little intercourse on the part of the Unitarians with the other churches, which have tended to hold aloof. Last November for the first time the Unitarian congregation was invited to take part in the union Thanksgiving service, held in the Baptist Church, and the Unitarian pastor had a part in the service with four other ministers. On February 21 another significant event took place; namely, a Fellowship Meeting in the Congregational church, under the auspices of the Congress of Religion. On the programme were representatives of the Jewish, Unitarian, Universalist, Congregational, and Baptist churches, while the presiding officers at the three sessions were respectively a Baptist, a Presbyterian, and an Episcopal clergyman. The attendance at the meeting far surpassed all expectations, the church being well filled morning, afternoon and evening. At the closing session a committee of seven ministers from different parts of the state, representing as many denominations, was appointed to arrange for a State Federation of Churches. The Unitarian pastor was made a member of the committee. Michigan has never before witnessed such a letting down of sectarian barriers. A third interesting feature of the winter has been the request made to the ministers of the city by the Board of Education to prepare an undenominational religious service for use in the public schools."

The Rev. Dr. Josiah Strong expresses the opinion that what the religious world needs today is not more evangelists, but more evangelistic churches—churches possessed of the spirit of service. He regards the terms, "the socialized church" as better than the term, "the institutional church." Such a church he believes to be equal to the down town problem if it is adequately equippel. But he calls attention to the fact that they cost more than the old family church. In way of enforcement of his position that something other than the old evangelism is demanded Dr. Strong says: "If Mr. Moody could again clothe himself with flesh and undertake our problem of city evangelization, and if he should speak to 1000 different souls every night of the year, never taking a vacation, it would be eighty years before he could get around once, and then the city population would have increased 200 or 300 per cent, and there would be two or three times as many who had not heard his message as when he began. If we could have twenty Moodys and they spoke to 20,000 different souls every night in the year, and if the cities could and would arrest their growth, then our city population might hear the gospel message once in four years."

Latest Roman Catholic statistics give the Catholic population of the United States as 13,089,353, an increase of 437,309 over the previous year. The total number of Catholic clergymen is 15,093. During the year 1906, 334 new Catholic churches were established, making the total of Catholic churches 12,148. There are eighty-six ecclesiastical seminaries with 5,697 students, and 4,364 parochial schools with an aggregate attendance of 1,096,842. There are 255 orphan asylums, in which 40,588 orphans are taken care of. Including orphans, children in homes as well as those attending the 998 institutions of higher education, there are 1,266,175 American children being educated in Catholic institutions. The Catholic hierarchy of the United States consists of one papal delegate, one cardinal, fourteen archbishops, ninety bishops, and eighteen abbots. The majority of Catholic clergymen are secular priests, there being 11,135 of this class. The religious order priests number 3,958, and among these are represented forty-five different religious orders. The Catholic population of the Philippine Islands is given as 6,862,413; Porto Rico, 990,000; Hawaii, 32,000; Alaska, 12,500; making the total of Catholic subjects under the American flag 20,986,266. The Catholic population of Canada is given as 2,448,639; that of Cuba is 1,573,862. The archdioceses of New York and Chicago are each rated at 1,200,000. In Greater New York, there are 266 Catholic churches. In Chicago there are 175 Catholic churches; in Philadelphia, ninety-one; in St. Louis, seventy-six, and in Boston, fifty-two.

THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF SAN FRANCISCO.
The First Church Built in the Burned District.

THREE DAYS IN THE LIFE OF THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Last week was a week of many services in the First Congregational Church of San Francisco, and the new house of worship was, in and through them all, well started on its career of usefulness in the great city by the Golden Gate.

Our readers know, of course, from previous articles in The Pacific, that the new building had been in use several weeks for religious purposes, but it was not until last week that it was formally dedicated to those purposes for which it had been erected.

There were three things which the First Church desired to emphasize, and therefore three services were arranged for last week.

Fellowship Within the Church.

First, as a church they wished to celebrate their reestablishment on the old corner; and, rejoicing together over the manner in which God had led them during the weeks and months since the great disaster, in the fellowship of a social gathering come into that sympathetic touch which would send them on in the work as much of a unit as possible. Accordingly they met in a social way for an hour; and then, around the table, talked of their achievements and hopes.

The months during which the First Church and Plymouth had worked and worshipped together had brought many of the members of the two churches into very sympathetic relations, and Plymouth Church people accordingly were asked to join with the people of the First Church in this social gathering. Two hundred and fifty-six persons sat at the tables, Wednesday night of last week, in the church parlors. Dr. Adams, the pastor, voiced the feeling of all when he said that it was good to be there. As an indication of better things soon to be, he stated that there were fifty more members of the church in San Francisco then than there were five months before. Of the 757 members enrolled 396 are residents of the city.

Dr. Meserve, pastor of Plymouth Church, remarked that there could be but one conclusion as a survey was made of what the First Church had done during recent months, and was doing now in its old location—it is sure to win out. He was not so sure of the future of some other of our churches; but it could not be doubted that the First had before it a great career of usefulness.

A surprising feature of the evening was the charge which was preferred against Deacon B. S. Hays. Toward the close of the meeting Mr. G. C. Boardman, Jr., who presided, arose and calling upon Mr. Hays to stand, declared to him and to the assembled people that he stood not only charged with but convicted of certain acts. The statement was in effect that he by his devotion to the church and the Kingdom had been the instrument by which it had been made possible in the midst of almost insurmountable difficulties for

the church to be carrying on its work again on its old location. In view of these things it had been given him by the church, said Mr. Boardman, to present to him a silver coffee service, which every day of his life might stand before him as a reminder of their affection and of a good work well done. Deacon Hays had not thought that he had come to a surprise party, and when these words were uttered and the beautiful silver service was uncovered before him, words could scarcely be found to express his feelings.

Among the speakers of the evening was Mr. Henry D. Hudson, who told of landing in San Francisco in 1849 and of going with his father to religious services conducted by the Rev. T. Dwight Hunt. He told briefly of the organization of the church in July 1849, of its old time buildings, as well as of the one erected on the corner of Post and Mason in 1871, and rejoiced in that the historical church, first to build, first in loyalty in the years when the war clouds darkened the land, singing the Battle Hymn of The Republic when hereabouts some would not sing it, also was first to rebuild in the burnt district and start its influence coursing once again through the heart and life of the city.

The Dedication and the Denominational Fellowship.

The dedicatory services were held on Thursday, April the 18th, at 2 P. M., the anniversary of the earthquake and of the beginning of the three days' fire which ensued. Here appeared the second of the three things which the church desired to emphasize by the services of the week—the fellowship of the Congregational churches.

At the request of the church, the dedicatory sermon was given by the pastor who spoke briefly on the verses in the first chapter of the First Epistle of Peter: "Wherein ye greatly rejoice, though now for a little while, if need be, ye have been put to grief in manifold trials, that the proof of your faith being more precious than gold that perisheth, though it is proved by fire, may be found unto praise and honor and glory at the revelation of Jesus Christ."

With reference to the experiences through which the people of San Francisco had been going during the past twelve months the pastor said that the important question was, "In what spirit did they go through those experiences? They could not help going through them. But, in what spirit was it?" Confining himself then for a time to the text, it was shown that in the putting of the disciples to grief for a while there was an assay of their faith. Gold is assayed by fire; there are many ways of assaying faith; and the temple of righteousness which is being built by each Christian believer is to pass through an assay, a trial, of faith. For a time the believer may be put to grief; but the things that are trying may be just what is needed for improvement. And again and again faith must be assayed—put to the test. The assay of the faith of the fathers is not sufficient for the children. Reference was made to a generous giver who remarked before the fire that he thought he had given his share; but the day of destruction came and more was demanded. In a certain sense perhaps he had given his share; in another sense he had not. God's work, through the fiery ordeal, got more of his wealth, but some of it went down in ashes. Whatever the method of the assay, it may be a bitter experience while one is passing through it, but when through it there is the fine and beautiful gold. Put to grief for a while, but rejoicing? It is well with them if that represents the spirit in which San Franciscans have met the experiences of 1906.

On the platform, representing the fellowship of the churches and participating in the services, were the Revs. W. C. Pond, S. C. Patterson, C. R. Brown and I. C. Meserve.

In the dedicatory prayer Dr. Meserve gave thanks for the guidance that had made it possible for the old truths to sound again in a house of worship on the corner where they had been voiced for so many years; and thanks was expressed also for the gift long ago to the world of the One who showed that sacrifice is the high road to the most glorious things. And then the petition was that the edifice might be accepted as a place for the manifestation of the mighty power of God—that power which alone can make a life God-like.

The Rev. C. R. Brown brought the greetings and congratulations of the circle of denominational churches, near and remote. He said that as he crossed the bay that day his mind went back to the day a year before, and he remembered with what suspense hearts had turned then toward the burning city. Hearts near and far had been with them since as they well knew and now in extending congratulations he voiced the feeling of churches not only in California, not only on the Pacific coast, but all over our land. Wide had been the sympathy, and wide the helping hand.

It was especially significant, said Mr. Brown, that the church had again housed itself in the heart of the city. "The devil might have led you away, but courageously you have staid a down-town church." Then with the thought that a building isn't a church, that it is simply a place where a church meets, the people were congratulated in that they had such a pastor and the pastor in that he had such official boards and such a membership. On the part of the pastor, it was said, there had been manifested the courage to go ahead in the midst of the greatest difficulty and that tenacity of moral purpose which does not know defeat. It was the possession of such qualities, combined with the sense to do the right thing and a large measure of human kindness and love and sympathy, that had given to the church its influence and had enabled it to rise so grandly and so speedily out of the ashes of the ruined city. As an example of the fidelity of officers and members the work of Deacon Hays in the rebuilding of the church was cited. Those in attendance realized more fully what this had been when Dr. Adams stated later that many an offer had been made to Mr. Hays to superintend at a high salary the construction of large buildings in the city. Once when he refused a man said to him, Why not? You are in charge of the work of rebuilding the Congregational church. And the reply was, "I'll do for my church what I'll not do for any one or anything else."

The total cost of the new house of worship, including the $10,000 pipe organ, was $74,445. The building, exclusive of the furnishing, cost $56.710. It was dedicated without indebtedness except a balance of something like $3,000 needed for final payment on the organ. A gift of $5,000 toward the organ was made by Mrs. Harriet Crocker Alexander of New York. Mrs. Alexander had given the organ that was burned.

"O Thou whose own vast temple stands,
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship Thee,"

was a stanza in one of the hymns sung toward the close of the service.

The Larger Fellowship.

It was a unique service which was held in the auditorium of the church on Friday evening. Here was manifest the third thing which the church wished to emphasize during the week of dedication. In the pulpit that night with the pastor were a Jewish rabbi, a Unitarian, an Episcopal and a Baptist pastor and a Salvation Army colonel. In the invocation by Dr. Adams there was the expression "Differing in our thought and apprehension of Thee, but one in heart." The invocation ended with the Lord's Prayer in which all united. Before introducing those who were to have part in the exercises, Dr. Adams stated that it was to be an occasion of the largest liberty, that all were children of the same Heavenly Father, and that the brethren on the platform with him he had found to be brethren indeed. He spoke of the fellowship before the great calamity and of that thereafter, saying that it was in and through suffering that the tenderest side of the human heart was brought to light. A letter was read from Father O'Ryan, of the Roman Catholic Church, who had been invited, but who finding it impossible to be present sent expression of best wishes for the church.

"Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares,"

rang through the auditorium from the lips of nearly 500 people and the strains floated out and died away in the air of the star-studded heavens.

The Unitarian pastor, the Rev. Bradford Leavitt, led in the responsive reading: "I will love thee, O Lord, my strength. The Lord is my rock, my fortress and my deliverer." Colonel French of the Salvation Army gave thanks for the divine leading. "During the year Thou hast spoken to us in one way and another, and always thy voice has been a call to a noble and a higher life. Speak through thy servants to our hearts tonight. Grant that Greater San Francisco may be a better San Francisco."

The Rev. Cecil Marrack, rector of St. Stephen's Church, rejoiced in that a larger and a better fellowship had sprung up since the day of the great calamity. It was his wish that there might be about this time every year a fellowship meeting somewhat similar. He wished to have conserved the spirit of unity and cooperation which was operating for the good of man and the glory of God.

In introducing Rabbi Levy, Dr. Adams spoke of the friendship which had sprung up between them, and said that in the years of his ministry he had found some of his best friends among the rabbis.

Rabbi Levy prefaced his address by expressing his pleasure and gratification in that he was permitted to attend and extend personal congratulations. Officers from his synagogue were also in attendance, he stated, and that he voiced their feelings when he brought heartiest and best wishes. Reference was made to the occasion when in the parlors of the burned church, under a canopy from the synagogue, he had had the pleasure, on the 30th anniversary of the marriage of the pastor and his wife, of pronouncing words of reconsecration of life to life. Manifest tonight is another spirit of marriage to the end that all may be brought together under God's banner of love.

Proceeding then to a consideration of the religion of Israel, Rabbi Levy said that in it the insistence is on life. Nowhere in the Old Testament was it said: Thus shalt thou believe; but go and do. Go out and live like a child of God. Righteousness shalt thou pursue and by it thou shalt live. As Isaiah says: "Cease to do evil; learn to do well." Or as Micah: "He hath shewed thee, O man, What is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly and to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God?" Even the Nazarene said, Consecrate your lives to duty. "Nine-tenths of the religion I represent refers to conduct."

At no time said the Rabbi had God failed to mark the path of his ways with evidences of love and justice. The rabbis of old taught that God was all gracious, just and merciful.

True religion, in his opinion, is based mainly on a recognition of the eternal God as father, in obedience unto him, and in the treatment of fellowmen as brethren. And salvation is by character.

The Rev. George E. Burlingame of the First Baptist Church spoke of the grand history of Congregationalism and rejoiced that there was here in San Francisco a Puritan and a Pilgrim element. There was need, he said, to be on guard lest the precious heritage left by them be dimmed. That it may not be, such centers of influence as that on the corner of Post and Mason must be maintained. As he looked the other night on the streams of light flowing from the dome of the old city hall, it seemed prophetic of the lights to shine in every place of darkness—lights fed not by dynamos but by currents from heaven. Such a light is the First Congregational Church. May it never grow dim!

Just a year before these utterances in the new edifice on the corner of Post and Mason, the church that had stood there for thirty-five years went down in ashes. A year hence the new building will stand surrounded by great hotels and apartment houses, hard by the heart of the commerce and trade of the metropolis of the Pacific coast, and will be wielding its old-time influence in pointing out to men and women widely the way of life.

While from time to time during recent weeks we have in different services rejoiced with the people of this historical church, and have watched the city growing up apace out of its ruins, there have come to mind the words of Longfellow:

"'Tis always morning somewhere. And above
The awakening continents, from shore to shore,
Somewhere the birds are singing for evermore;"

and also the words of Browning:

"If I stoop
Into a dark tremendous sea of cloud
It is but for a time; I press God's lamp
Close to my breast, its splendor soon or late,
Will pierce the gloom: I shall emerge one day."

It has been given to the beloved pastor of this church to lead it for the second time up out of a tremendous sea of cloud. God's lamp was pressed close

to the breast, and its splendor pierced the gloom.

"Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

"Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you."

"Speak to Him thou, for he heareth
And Spirit with spirit can meet
Closer is He than breathing
And nearer than hands and feet."

AN EASTER IN TOKIO.

Unique Services in the Greek Cathedral.

[The following is a condensation of an article by Alfred Henry Sweet in the Boston Transcript.—Editor.]

Tokio is the see city of all three apostolic branches of the Catholic Church—Eastern, Roman and Anglican. Situated on the summit of a high hill, the white buildings which are the headquarters of the "Russian Ecclesiastical Mission in Japan" are conspicuous from many parts of Tokio. Especially is this true of the great Cathedral, whose white stuccoed walls and black dome form a very substantial base for the gilded cross which is uplifted over the sea of gray-tiled roofs. At about half-past ten in the evening of April 28, 1905, I was in Tokio on my way by trolley to the Easter mass at the cathedral. Arriving at the cathedral gates, I was much surprised to find them open, a thing which had not happened since the outbreak of war, and was allowed to enter unchallenged by the sworded policeman. Mounting the stone steps I entered the church. The vast edifice was in darkness, except for a few candles before the icons, giving just enough light for one to get a vague idea of the size of the building, which was entirely bare of seats. Before me, dimly perceptible in the darkness, rose the gilded iconostasis, its top lost in the heights above. All was silent save for the subdued whispers of a few of the faithful; and the low, monotonous voice of a reader, reciting a litany before the effigy of the dead Christ, which lay coffined and corpse-like, with dim funeral tapers, in front of the holy gates.

There was still almost an hour before the liturgy would begin, so, leaving the cathedral, I entered the episcopal residence opposite, which was thronged with people. I was asked whether I would like to have an interview with the bishop. This opportunity I gladly accepted, and after a few minutes was shown into a small reception room.

Soon the bishop entered. Over six feet in height, with a gray beard and flowing locks, clad in a loose purple cassock, Nicolai, "head of the Russian ecclesiastical mission in Japan," looks every inch a successor of the Apostles. Forty-four years ago when he was twenty-four years old, he came to Japan as chaplain to the Russian Consulate at Hakodate, and "being converted to the missionary idea," gave up his official position to found a branch of the Orthodox Eastern Church farther east than it had ever gone before. Entirely unaided he has converted a body of over twenty thousand communicants, with a native priesthood, and has translated the Bible and Russian Prayer-Book into Japanese.

At the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese war Bishop Nicolai asked his clergy whether or no he should remain in Japan. Upon receiving a reply in the affirmative, he issued a manifesto to his people, exhorting them as Christians to fight bravely for their country and to subscribe willingly to the war funds, and above all pray for the victory of Japan. As for himself, he declared, "I am the subject of the czar."

Throughout the entire war the Bishop was most carefully guarded by the Japanese Government. No one could enter the church witout giving his name and address to the sentry at the gate, and when in Parliament a member asked what should be done about the cathedral buildings, which had been part of the Russian Legation but had now no legal status—the Legation having ceased to exist—he was instantly silenced by the president.

After about fifteen minutes of pleasant conversation, the bishop withdrew, first, asking me to come to breakfast after mass.

Having wandered around for some time, I returned to the cathedral, where I was joined by three other Americans—two of them Anglican clergymen, the third a Methodist. By this time the church was lighted by three huge candelabra, the effigy of the entombed Christ had been removed, and the building was being rapidly filled with men and women, who parted at the door, the women turning to the left and the men to the right. Following the general custom we invested in long wax tapers, stamped with a Russian inscription, at a table near the entrance, and, thus equipped, went under the great dome.

Soon the bishop appeared, vested in cloth of silver, and attended by a train of priests, deacons and subdeacons, in cloth of gold. After giving his blessing, he proceeded down the centre of the church to the door, his silver vestment and jewelled, crown-shaped mitre sparkling in the candle-light. The clergy, headed by two deacons with smoking censers, and the crozier-bearer, went before; the chanting choirs and the mass of people, all holding lighted tapers, followed after.

On we moved, through the cathedral door, out into the cool starlit night, and in solemn procession around the great white pile, which rose majestically heavenward, its gilded cross piercing the dark sky. Below us lay the vast expense of gray-tiled roofs, on which fell the pale light of the stars. We could see but few lights in the streets below, which seemed like threads of darkness. The circuit of the building completed, the clergy reentered the church, while we clustered about the steps, on which stood the bishop. After a few minutes taken up by responses of the clergy to the pontiff, we again went into the cathedral, and the liturgy began with a litany an hour long, sung by a deacon before the holy gates.

During the litany the bishop, attended by his clergy, remained at a dias in the midst of the choir, but at the conclusion he ascended the steps to the holy gates, prostrated himself before the altar, and then began the liturgy proper.

Higher and higher rose the white clouds of incense, until the perfumed air became heavy as with the presence of many flowers. Loud swelled the anthems of the choir, unaccompanied by any musical instruments (for the Orthodox Church allows nothing but vocal music in her services) as if to storm the gates of Heaven with their songs of praise.

It was a scene of unsurpassed magnificence, of barbaric splendor. The silver-vested prelate towering above his assistants of another race, the hundreds of

tapers making the vast cathedral a sea of light, the candles gleaming on the altars, and the calm impassionate saints gazing upon us from the iconostasis, made a picture never to be forgotten.

One thing I particularly noticed was the fact that the people seemed so entirely at home. It was indeed their "Father's house," and as such they treated it, without the least irreverence. There were women there who, as they could not leave their children alone at home, had brought them to church, and the little ones lay peacefully asleep on the floor—there are no seats in church of the Eastern Rite—while their mothers joined in the service. Nor were the children the only ones who availed themselves of the privilege of resting, for by the wall lay sleeping men, during the less important parts of the service, too tired after the day's hard work to stay awake all night.

Contrary to the usual practice, the entire liturgy was sung with the altar exposed to the view of the people, the holy gates remaining open even during the canon of the mass. Fifty-one Sundays in the year the actions of the priest during the most solemn parts of the office are concealed from the people by closing the holy gates—an Eastern custom, dating from the time of persecution, that unbelievers might not gaze upon the holy mysteries—but at the Easter mass the gates of the iconostasis remain open, symbolic, I suppose, of the "open tomb" and the "veil of the temple" which "was rent in twain."

After the consecration came another procession, the thurifers with censers adding yet more fragrance to the already incense-laden air, while the priests, each carrying a crucifix, ranged themselves along the front of the holy gates, leaving the centre clear for a deacon, carrying upon his head the Host, and a priest with the chalice. In the Eastern Church the Host is of leavened bread, made and baked bythe clergy.

When all were placed the bishop came forward from the altar, and taking a censer from one of the thurifers, "offered incense before the Host" which he then took from the head of the kneeling deacon and made with it the sign of the cross over the people, prostrate in adoration. After repeating this ceremony with the chalice, he returned with all his ministers to the sanctuary.

During this entire mass, which lasted more than three hours, the choir had been singing steadily save in the parts of the service where they simply chanted the responses, as in the litany. There was, however, one moment when the music ceased entirely—when Bishop Nicolai from his place before the altar, proclaimed, in his clear voice, "Christ is risen!" "He is risen indeed!" came the instant response, and then every one in the church turned to his or her neighbor with the joyous Easter greeting: "He is risen!"

With a suddenness that was truly startling, this three-hours long service came to an end, and without the usual sermon, and we, the invited guests, made our way across to the episcopal residence for a most welcome breakfast.

The bishop had provided a royal feast, great roasts of beef, game without stint, gigantic loaves of sponge cake, and huge platters of red Easter eggs, everything copiously sprinkled with holy water. The Japanese clergy had every excuse for their appetites, for the Eastern Catholics are most strict in their observance of the lenten fast and they had probably eaten but one meal since the previous Thursday.

Never can I lose the memory of that Easter mass—but more impressive than priests or processions, than lights or incense, was the figure of that Russian bishop, surrounded by his Japanese priests, all bending together before one altar, while at that very moment, the subjects of mikado and czar were facing each other in deadly combat!

THE INTERNATIONAL CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR CONVENTION.

Seattle, July 10-15.

Vice-President Fairbanks will give an address at the International Christian Endeavor Convention in Seattle in July on "Our Country: Its Problems and Possibilities."

The following speakers of national and international reputation have accepted a place on the programme: John Willis Baer, LL.D., president of Occidental College, Los Angeles, Cal.; Rev. Smith Baker, D.D., Portland, Me.; Rev. R. C. Bannen, D.D., Williamsport, Pa.; President Francis E. Clark, Boston; Miss Ida C. Clothier, Manitou, Col.; Rev. Edwin Heyl Delk, D.D., Philadelphia; Rev. E. R. Dille, D.D., Oakland, Cal.; Rev. James A. Francis, New York; Rev. H. D. Fraser, D.D., Vancouver, B. C.; Rev. Howard B. Grose, D.D., New York; Mrs. Howard B. Grose, New York; Mr. William Phillips Hall, New York; Rev. Claude E. Hill, Mobile, Ala.; Rev. James L. Hill, D.D., Salem, Mass.; Rev. C. H. Hubbell, Columbus, O.; Rev. W. T. Johnson, D.D., Richmond, Va.; Mr. H. A. Kinport, New York; Rev. Ira Landreth, D.D., president of Belmont College, Nashville, Tenn.; Rev. J. M. Lowden, D.D., Providence, R. I.; Rev. W. T. McElveen, Ph.D, Boston; Rev. W. H. McMillan, D. D., Allegheny City, Pa.; Rev. S. B. L. Penrose, president of Whitman College, Walla Walla, Wash.; Mr. William Shaw, general secretary, Boston; Rev. Frank G. Smith, D.D., Chicago; Rev. Charles Stelzle, New York; Rev. James H. Straughn, president of West Lafayette College, West Lafayette, O.; Rev. Floyd W. Tompkins, S. T. D., Denver, Col.; Mr. Von Ogden Vogt, New York; Rev. Hugh K. Walker, D.D., Los Angeles, Cal.; Bishop Alexander Walters, D.D., Jersey City; Mr. Amos R. Wells, Boston, and Dean Herbert L. Willett, D.D., Chicago.

There will be a large representation among the speakers from other countries in Europe and the Orient, among whom will be Rev. John Pollock of Belfast, Ireland, president of the European Christian Endeavor Union; Hon George Nicholls, member of the British Parliament; Rev. Alexander Francis, D.D., of St. Petersburg, Russia; Rev. W. C. March of South Australia; Rev. W. I. Chamberlain, D.D., of Canton, China; Dr. Samuel M. Zwemer of Arabia; Rev. J. M. Ibenez of Mexico, and Mr. T. Sawaya of Japan.

In the Seattle convention special prominence will be given to the subject of training in citizenship along such lines as "Training the Civic Conscience," "Graft and Grafters," "Our Million of New Neighbors," "The Christian Endeavor Patriots' League," "Some Contributions of Christian Endeavor to our Country's Welfare: Prison Societies, Floating Societies, Fresh Air and Philanthropies," "Enforcement of Law," "The Laboring Man and the Church of the Carpenter."

Mr. James Hamilton Howe, choral conductor, formerly of San Francisco, will conduct the great chorus of fifteen hundred voices. One of the musical features

of the convention will be the rendering of the oratorio, "Messiah."

A large attendance is expected from the East. And all in all the outlook is for a most inspiring and profittable convention.

BOOK REVIEWS.

"The Pilgrim's Hospice.". By the Rev. David Smith.. The author says in the preface: "This little book is not a theological treatise. It propounds no theory; it advocates no dogma; it meddles with no controversy. It is an attempt to tell something of the comfort and sweetness which I have found in the ineffable mystery of the Holy Communion. " The articles are on these subjects: The House of Refreshment, Preparing the Guest Chamber, The Lord's Desire of the Feast, Purging out the Old Leaven, Washing the Feet, The Covenant of Blood, The Covenant of Hospitality, The Heavenly Feast, Room in the Father's House, The Paths of Righteousness. [A. C. Armstrong & Sons, New York.]

"Tennyson." By William Emory Snyder. This is one of the volumes in the series "Modern Poets and Christian Teaching," several of which have already been reveiwed in our columns. The author says of Tennyson: "In common with many of the noblest spirits of his generation, he breathed in the doubt and discontent that were everywhere in the air during his young manhood; and like many of his contemporaries he broke through the mists that stifled him, won for himself the faith that lives in honest doubt, and became for them and for his generation the single voice to express in undying song the story of a common struggle and the elementary truths of a hard-won faith, the inspired priest and prophet to receive the truth as it was revealed to him, and to declare it to the eager hearing of a doubting and tempest-driven age." The study relates of course to those poems in which Tennyson has given expression to the fundamental principles of his faith. One cannot read such a book as this without a deepening sense of the worth of Tennyson, in and through his poems, to the religious world. [Eaton & Mains, New York; $1.00 net.]

"The Marks of a Man." By Robert Elliott Speer. The five articles in this book, on the Essentials of Christian Character were given on the Merrick foundation at Ohio Wesleyan University in December 1906. It was a fine series for students to hear, and for others also; and it is not surprising that at their close leading citizens of the city in which the university is situate spoke of them in resolutions as embodying "a working-plan of life with convincing passion and powers." The subjects of the lectures were:—Truth: No Lie in Character ever Justifiable; Purity: A Plea for Ignorance; Service: The Living Use of Life; Freedom: The Necessity of a Margin; Progress and Patience: The Value of a Sense of Failure. We quote one of many fine passages: "The great men are the men who insist on putting a margin between themselves and their age with its limitations, who will not contract themselves into the pettiness of their time * * Constantly you hear people asking, 'What does common opinion think or approve?' Regarding thisor that practice they inquire, 'Is this practice sanctioned by Christian people?' What under the sun does it matter what people think or sanction? Well, it matters something. We ought to scorn to demand less of ourselves than the crowd expects of us. But we ought to scorn to demand as little. We were meant to transcend the crowds, to live by our own high laws, at a loftier altitude than the conventions of the small. A little before a recent visit to one of our great universities, an influential student of the university was in my office, and I asked him what needed to be said. 'Well,' he replied, 'I Think the great need at ——— is for men to quit straddling, to get down off the fence, to come out into the clear.' And the universal need is for men of robust personal independence, of fearless moral conviction, of contempt for the sheep slavery of the crowd, for men of integrity, purity and strength—with a margin." [Jennings & Graham, Cincinnati, Ohio; also Barker Block, Berkeley, Calif., $1.00 net.]

"The Scientific Creed of a Theologian." Rudolf Schmid, D.D. This book is a plea for an understanding between Science and Christianity. For many years the boundaries of natural science and theology and philosophy have been a favorite subject of reflection on the part of Dr. Schmid. The author says: "Book after book has been published on these questions, but the standpoint I take up is still characteristic, inasmuch as I demand perfect freedom for science on the one hand, and on the other adhere to the truths of Christianity in their full extent. I have also endeavored not to shun any problems, however knotty and difficult. May this study not only aid readers on either side to get the true bearings of the question at issue, but also help many who may be troubled about the local conflict between science and Christianity, or religion and culture, to find rest for their minds!" The five chapters consider: Creation as a Whole, from the Scientific and Religious Point of View; The Conception of Creation as Recorded in the Bible; Religion and the Scientific Record of Creation; Providence, Prayer and Miracles; The Person of Jesus Christ. Dr. Schmid is of Stuttgart, Germany, and the volume has been translated from the second edition by J. W. Stoughton. In the chapter on Providence, Prayer, and Miracles, the author expresses the belief that God's providence rules over the world down to its very smallest details, that in both the small and the great requirements of life God leads men like a Father, especially those who know themselves to be the children of God through Christ, and that he gives them the conscious experience of this Fatherly guidance in their earthly lot." This is a self evident fact, he says, in the Christian view of the world; and that Jesus Christ, on whom this view is founded, lived in this faith and proclaimed it. The author accepts many of the conclusions of the scientists, believing that they "actually enrich our sense of religion and offer to the religious outlook upon nature only new and elevating points of view." A firm stand is taken as to the uniqueness of the Person of Jesus, and as to his work also. In considering the days of creation it is said: "Another proof that in the mind of the narrator the days of creation were regarded as divine days different from and higher than the days of man lies in the circumstance that in the description of the seventh day as the Divine day of rest the closing words, 'And the evening and the morning were the seventh day,' are wanting. Nothing is more natural than to suppose that no end was recorded for the seventh day of this divine week of creation because according to the idea of the author it had none; it is still going on." [A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York; $1.50 net.]

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. J. K. Harrison has gone to Tahiti. He had improved in health considerably before his departure and it is thought that the ocean voyage will build him up rapidly.

The Third Congregational Church of San Francisco began services last Sunday in Polito hall on 16th and Dolores. Prof. C. S. Nash preached. Regular services will be held at this place.

At a specially called meeting of the church at Cloverdale, on Sunday, April 21, a call was extended to the Rev. J. K. Harrison, to become its pastor. It is understood that this call will be accepted and that Mr. Harrison will begin work in the early fall.

Correpsondents will please bear in mind that communications for the California Home Missionary Society, until further notice, should be sent to H. E. Jewett, Vacaville. Mr. Harrison left for Tahiti last. week. It is hoped that the long sea voyage may do much for him.

Prof. Bade brought to the meeting of the ministers of San Francisco and vicinity on Monday a very interesting and scholarly paper on Amos, showing to how great an extent the old prophet was a preacher of social righteousness. Next Monday the Rev. William Rader will read a paper on "Tolstoi and His Religious Ideas."

The picture of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco, which we give this week, represents it and its surroundings as they were several weeks ago. The walls of the buildings near by are those of the St. Francis hotel, and the new hotel, Alexandria. The tall building in the rear, down along Mason street, we take to be the hotel Holland, on Ellis street near the corner of Mason. It was one of the few buildings standing after the fire.

Recently by a vote of 31 for to 7 against the name of the Fourth Congregational Church of San Francisco was changed to "Green Street Church." This was the original name of the church. During the month of May a special campaign will be undertaken in the interest of The Building Fund. It is expected that the building will contain a basement gymnasium with baths, etc., an auditorium with a gallery, an adjoining Sunday-school room, also with gallery, besides club rooms for young men and women, surmounted by a flat for the pastor and a number of bedrooms for volunteer workers. This plan includes a roof-garden and play ground. Old friends and all interested are invited to contribute to the Building Fund, which now amounts to about $7,000.

The Rev. W. H. Scudder of Rio Vista was at the Monday meeting of the ministers of San Francisco and vicinity and told of the great devastation by the recent floods in that region. He stated that everything in an area of country as large as New Jersey was flooded out and that from two to three years would elapse before conditions would allow the raising again of crops. The loss on the four islands near Rio Vista is estimated at $1,400,000. Thirty islands were ruined. The water in the river was three and a half feet higher than it was in 1862, the highest previous record. When the levees broke great tracts of land were made into lakes in a few minutes. After the levees have been repaired it will be necessary to pump the water out of these lakes. It will cost millions of dollars to construct such levees as are needed to insure safety. Rio Vista is dependent on the surrounding country for trade, but the people haven't anything with which to buy. The church is anxious that Mr. Scudder continue as pastor. It does not wish to go on the home missionary list of churches and will make every endeavor to raise a sufficient salary. Resolutions of sympathy and cheer were framed by the ministers at their Monday meeting and forwarded to the church at Rio Vista.

SOME OBSERVATIONS.

This has been a week of varied experiences. It had its beginning at Lodi, where, despite the fire of the previous night, and the somewhat threatening weather, goodly numbers gathered at Sunday-school and church services. The young folks there enlisted in the study of the Word is large, and the enthusiasm of officers, teachers and scholars is contageous. The school has doubled in the last year, and each class is thoroughly organized for the most efficient work. Especially noticeable is a band of young men who are doing much not only in building themselves up in the knowledge of the truth, but in showing the younger boys that it is manly to be found in the Sunday-school. Because the school is so large, Pastor Washburn and his people are realizing the inadequacy of their material equipment, and hence a movement is on foot for a new church edifice. To this end Francis W. Reid was invited to spend the day at Lodi and address the congregation on the subject of a new church. He did his work well, and after some words of encouragement effort was made for subscriptions—resulting in $4,250 being pledged. More, it is believed will be secured, and the hope is at least $6,000 can be raised in Lodi for the new enterprise. This, with what it is thought may be obtained from C. C. B. S. will make eight or nine thousand—a sum sufficient for such a modern, well-equipped plant as the expanding work demands. Lodi is growing; many settling from the East; the land being peculiarly adapted for grapes and other fruits. Some coming are Congregationalists, and will gladly take hold; ready with their money accumulated elsewhere to more firmly establish the Lord's work in their new home. The largest giver—by no means a new comer—was a great sufferer by the fire of the preceding night, but in spite of his losses, his pledge of $1,000 stands good. Mr. Washburn and his people are greatly rejoiced, and look forward to having one of the largest churches in the interior; housed in as well planned and well-equipped edifice as the money at their disposal will allow.

Leaving Lodi it was not long before the writer found himself in the midst of the Los Angeles Association at Redondo. This village by the sea, or perhaps more properly, the embryo city by the sea, was never more charming. Indeed all Southern California is now at its best, and one can readily understand how it is that dwellers in the bleak and wintry North coming to the Southland grow enthusiastic and want at once to sell their Minnesota farms or Dakota ranches and dwell henceforth by the sunset sea. But better far than the material charms is the royal fellowship of these Southern friends. Associational welcome greets the stranger; he is made one of the number, and all privileges are his. This meeting was well attended. Pastors were present—delegates too. Papers were read, discussions enjoyed. Nothing, however, was more interesting than the reports of the churches—almost all optimistic. Dr. Meredith cli-

maxed the whole by reporting the ten thousand debt raised on First Church, Pasadena, and thanked God such a work had been given him to do, claiming after his many years of labor to be old fashioned enough to believe men needed conversion; he longed that crowning all his efforts in Pasadena there might come a great revival and multitudes be gathered into the kingdom of Jesus Christ.

Representatives of the societies were given a few minutes each. The Rev. H. M. Tenney of the Foreign Board told of the fine support given by this section of the state. Mr. Wikoff spoke cheerfully of church building, and Mr. Case gave some interesting items covering the twenty years of his labors—schools organized 361, visits 1,301, sermons and addresses 3,588, miles traveled 206,000, offerings $10,953. In 1887 Southern California had 100,000 population; in 1907, 500,000; then 19 Congregational churches, now 90. Pomona College, then "A Hope," now "A Record," with 400 students.

Superintendent Maile more than glowed as he reported the first year of self-support finished with $400 more than the $10,000 deemed necessary, and anounced 19 new fields entered the last year; ten of these in the bounds of this Association. Of the latter, eight were already organized and admitted at this session into membership. Splendid showing! Cause for great gratitude! Inspiration to renewed activities!

Once more it was mine to attend the Congregational Union meeting at East Church, Los Angeles. The Rev. F. S. Forbes and wife made all feel at home; and following the feast, speeches were made by Judge Wilbur and Officer Dodd, of the Juvenile Court. The former is a member of the First Church, a successful teacher of future men, and evidently feels deeply that our Christian forces are not doing all that might be done for those who some day are to be husbands and fathers.

The Union is spending itself in city missionary lines; has a prominent railroad official for its president and the much beloved Brother Billings for its promoter. The latter is doing good service in getting monthly subscriptions to the work, and the Union has already accomplished not a little in stimulating old and advancing new projects. One of its latest is at "Arlington Heights"—a charming residential district. Several Congregational families are there, and one of the most promising of the younger ministers has been secured to lead the movement. Unless all signs fail one of the finest of Congregational churches will be established in that region. Evidently this metropolis is developing Congregationally as well as in other ways, and Oakland, San Francisco, Portland and Seattle must be alert or the leading Pacific coast city in our denomination will be in Southern California.

Observer.

THE CALIFORNIA HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY YEAR.

It is gratifying to assure friends of the California Home Missionary Society that the receipts of the past year exceed the expenditures, by how much does not at the time this item is written appear, as the treasurer's final statement has not been made up.

In addition to the above general statement there have been $1,200 added to the permanent fund, making that fund a little over $6,000, of which the interest on $2,500 is subject to the payment of an annuity.

Grateful recognition is due to friends and churches at the East and in Southern California for gifts amounting to about $800 sent soon after the great calamity of April, 1906. The Directors appreciated also the heroic resolve of several aided churches, made in view of the same calamity, to make no application to the Society for further aid.

The year began with earthquake and fire; it ended with floods that seriously crippled some of the communities and churches in our great interior valleys.

The year upon which the Society is entering should be, as the past vear could not be, one of enlargement and expansion. This will call for generous gifts, for which the present is not too early to plan. It will call for men, who, even though their hearts do not shrink from sacrifice, should not be expected to sacrifice beyond the limit of endurance by themselves and their families.

Continue to bear on your hearts, brethren, the missionary churches and ministers. The California Home Missionary Society and our Woman's Home Missionary Union repeat anew the Master's message—"Give and it shall be given unto you."

H. E. Jewett.

SOUTHERN BRANCH OF WOMAN'S BOARD.

The Southern Branch of the Woman's Board of Missions of the Pacific assembled in annual meeting at Claremont, the quiet, beautiful, educational centre of our Southern California Congregational hosts, on Friday, April 12. This followed a full, rich day of programme of the Woman's Home Missionary Union.

During the forenoon, the annual review of the various departments was listened to, the President, Mrs. I. H. Williams of Redlands, being in the chair for the eleventh time.

In the afternoon, there was an address by Mrs. William Renwick of Claremont, the Foreign Secretary, on the theme "Building the Old Wastes." She spoke of the advance and decline of Christian work, "Beginning at Jerusalem," on through Paul's country and mission fields, down to the present conditions, giving vivid pictures of what she had personally seen. The map of Turkey was before us, and we felt we were actually on a journey to the places named, as the present work was described.

The mother of our Nina Rice was with us. She gave not only her daughter's recipe for Turkish cookies:—"Take some sugar and strong butter, or any kind of fat, and rub with flour into a crumbly dough. Pat out into large cakes, and dry in a slow oven. On no account allow them to brown"—but also an account of her growing hold on the work as she meets the girls, and counsels and prays with them, and tries to lead them to think of what all this means that is being planned for them by Christian friends. She told, too, of the burden of the shortage of funds in the Boarding School, resulting from the higher prices of many necessary articles, and of the numbers of poor children waiting for Christian training for some one to help in the expense.

The Travel Sketches, given by two of our Los Angeles ladies, who have visited the Orient the past year, interested the large audience greatly, Mrs. B. F. Boller telling of sights and journeys in China; Mrs. William Horace Day giving much valuable information of Miss Denton and the Doshisha.

The evening service had three strong men upon the platform. Dr. Henry Kingman, Claremont's pastor, who presided, and with touching cordiality, introduced the speaker. who was the president of the neighboring Presbyterian College, Occidental, in Los Angeles—Dr. John Willis Baer. He spoke on "Ameri-

ca, a Mission Field and Force," holding close attention throughout. Dr. George A. Gates, President of Pomona College, read the Scripture. The college choir added strength and enthusiasm to this service by its choice music.

Ninety-two delegates were in attendance.

The treasurer's report shows receipts from ninety-seven sources, and was in excess of the year's aim, of $4,000, as follows:

Seniors	$3,743.56
Young People	364.00
Children	426.65
Total	$4,534.21
Brought forward	188.84
Total	$4,723.05

This was the **tenth** annual report given by this faithful treasurer, Mrs. S. E. Hughes, Pasadena, and she was given a hearty chautauqua salute as she closed the reading of it.

The Literature Table was made unusually attractive by the Literature Superintendent, Mrs. A. C. Blaikie, of Ontario. It presented a busy scene both before and after the bountiful noon lunch.

The hospitality was abounding, in the homes and in the church, as was warmly voiced in the resolutions.

The new church building of this united Claremont people, proved well adapted for every comfort for the meeting.

The seven delegates present from San Diego captured the consent of the convention to meet next year with them. It is sixteen years since this gathering met there in 1891. Although San Diego is 125 miles away from the centre of our district, it was well suggested that it was no longer a trip for delegates to go to them next year, than for them to come to us at this meeting!

The memorial service, in memory of Mrs. Jane Dwinell Hale, was a tender season. Mrs. Hale had been with the Branch from its very organization. During the past few years she had been honorary vice-president, and her counsel and advice were valuable to the very end. Testimonies to her worth were given by officers of the Branch, and members, by a representative of her home church, and by a dear friend from the far East, who was present; also from the North, where they recognized her interest in her frequent responses to the roll call at the time of the annual W. B. M. P. meeting which she often attended. Prayers of thanksgiving were offered for such an one, and requests that such a spirit may be multiplied in many others.

THE WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY UNION OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

The nineteenth annual meeting of the W. H. M. U. of Southern California was held at Claremont, Thursday, April 11.

More than one hundred delegates came together from Santa Barbara, Calexico, San Diego, Los Angeles, Pasadena, Redlands, Riverside and many other places. From beginning to end it was a joyous occasion. It was hard to tell who were happier—the entertaining women, who were so glad to welcome the guests to this new church and their homes, or the guests themselves.

The morning session was entirely devoted to the reports of the officers. They were all cheering; but the culminating point was reached when the treasurer's report was read. The aim for the year had been to raise $4,500. This amount had been exceed by $425.24; of this amount more than $3,300 had been paid to the State Home Missionary Societv.

Te Union had been responsible for Mrs. Findley's support in the Chinese work in Los Angeles, and for the salary of Mrs. Bradley, the deaconess of Bethlehem Church, Los Angeles. It had helped support Miss Harwood in her work among the Japanese of Los Angeles. Contributions had also been made to Pomona College, to the Church Building, Sunday School and Publishing Societies.

The afternoon program was full of interest. Mrs. Findlay, Miss Harwood, and Mrs. Bradley, gave accounts of their stewardships, and every woman in the audience must have felt glad and proud to know that it was her privilege to help support these consecrated workers. Mrs. Findlay read letters from Fong Sec, who returned to China last autumn. These were of great interest to his friends in this college town, where he said he had spent the five happiest years of his life.

Mrs. R. L. Glasby, of Calexico, gave a thrilling account of home missionary experiences in the Imperial Valley.

In the absence of Rev. John L. Maile Rev. George E Soper gave an interesting address on "Our State Missionary Work." It was good to know that in this first year since assuming self-support the desired amount of money had been secured, with a surplus of a few hundred dollars.

During the college, hour in charge of President Gates, Miss Ruth Beckwith answered the question, "What does Pomona College Offer to Yonug Women?" and Mr. Alexander Judson answered the same question for young men. Both of the young people are members of the Class of '07, and they were enthusiastic in their expressions of appreciation of and lovalty to the college.

Mrs. David P. Barrows of Manila, P. I., gave a pleasing account of "American Home and Church Life in Manila." After Mrs. Barrows' reference to the respect and reverence which were felt for the national flag by the people of Manila, the "Star Spangled Banner" was appropriately sung by the pupils of the public school.

At the union service in the evening, ———Te Deum, by Dudley Buck, was rendered by the choir of Claremont Church, and a powerful address on "America, A Mission Field and Force," was given by President John Willis Baer of Occidental College.

C.

THE SAN DIEGO DISTRICT MEETING.

The vice-presidents of Southern California Home and Foreign Missionary Boards, Mrs. Robertson of Mentone, and Mrs. Williams of Redlands, went to San Diego to attenda the San Diego District meeting on Tuesday, April 16.

A good representation was present from all the surrounding towns. Reports were heard from these, and also from the Claremont meetings of April 11 and 12, and addresses were made by the State presidents on the conditions of the work of the two Southern California Woman's Boards.

The good attendance, the lunch together, and the social hour at noon, helped to make this a profitable occasion. Mrs. George W. Marston of San Diego, presided. Mrs. Mary L. Keyes spoke words of welcome.

The Home.

THE MORNING'S HOPE.

Start bravely in the morning for somewhere on ahead:
The way may not be open, but when the sky is red
Where western hills reach upward, be sure that you may say:
"Though the goal is far beyond me, I've pourneyed on, today."
The aimless, hopeless thousands who where they started die
Begin the day by sighing, and still at evening sigh;
The tasks are viewed with sorrow and sullen murmurings
That should be hailed with gladness as steps to higher things.

A COMMON CRUELTY.

If accused of cruelty in daily life we should probably resent it indignantly, yet every time a person inflicts an evil mood upon his household or upon his fellow-workers he is treating them cruelly. Most of us are guilty, at times, and we never stop to think that our innocent victims are utterly defenseless. Consider how quickly all members of the family suffer when one brings his depression to the breakfast table; how easily good spirits are quenched by one person's moroseness; how readily an atmosphere of nervousness, of ill-nature, of physical pain makes itself felt when there is no effort at self-control! Even a sulky maid in the kitchen can bring discomfort to a whole household. No one has a right to inflict his bad feelings upon others, and we realize this when we are the victims. But if we have not slept well, or if we have a headache after a wearisome day, or if some business matter has gone wrong, where is our own cheerfulness? Our shortcomings should help us to make excuses for other people's tempers, but our sufferings should teach us the cruelty of self-indulgence.

THE STRAIN ON YOUTHFUL NERVES.

"It is the servant problem that is killing me," said the Mother of Big Boys. "My cook was ill last week. My waitress had left me the week before. I had to get up at six for several days, remove all the cinders and ashes with my own hands from the kitchen range, kindle the fire and get breakfast."

"What! With a husband and two big boys upstairs!" exclaimed the Mother of Small Children.

"My husband is delicate and over-worked," explained her friend. "I would not allow him to get up and do all that work. Both of the boys were out at a cotillion night before last, and a debating club last night, and they are working hard in school. They are taking violin lessons, too. They are just as good as they can be, and they would gladly help me—but I cannot depend much on them. They cannot rest during the day, but, after a while, a strong woman comes and then I can rest. She cannot get here in time to cook the breakfast. I try to use common sense in these matters."

"Well—I certainly would not do all that hard work if I had a husband and two big boys to do it for me," reiterated the superior Mother of Small Children.

Ten years later the city Mother of Big Boys visited the other mother, who lived in a flourishing country town, and whose two children, Bessie and Paul, had by this time grown to be, respectively, sixteen and fourteen years of age. The evening after her arrival she observed that her friend was darning stockings.

"Let me help you," she said.

The offer was gratefully accepted.

"Are these stockings yours?" she asked.

"No," replied the erstwhile disdainful Mother of Small Children. "These are Bessie's. The poor girl is so driven with engagements and work that I must not lav the slightest home burden upon her. Half the time I even make her own bed for her. I used to think that the young people of the family should do a good share of the housework, especially when only one servant is kept, as in our small establishment. Of course, it is good discipline and all that, but Bessie has to study very hard in school, she has to practice her music for an hour each day, and she must have outdoor exercise, and belongs to the Golf Club. The girls of her age have a Literary Club, and she is doing a good deal of church work, and there are social gatherings now and then that I haven't the heart to keep her from—why, the strain put upon our young people nowadays is appalling."

"But you require a little help about the house from Bessie, don't you? You work far too hard yourself, and you have a seamstress only a few days in a year. And then Paul is large enough to assist the gardner, and help about the care of the horse."

"He is large enough, and willing enough," There was a touch of asperity in the little woman's tone. She felt as though her friend were "rubbing it in" rather hard. "But they would break down in health if I should require much of them at home."

"Ought anything, really, to absolve children like them from the duty of helping their parents at home?" inquired the older mother, with a twinkle in her eye.

"Don't say anything!" pleaded her friend. "I used to think that it could and must be done—but complexities of modern life have closed around me, as it were—and I must either give up my prejudices, or else see my children collapse before my eyes. What can be done to simplify the lives of our growing boys and girls?"

A million of distracted mothers echo the question. —Kate Upson Clark.

The Quiet Hour.

CHRIST THY LIGHT.

Slacken no sail, brother,
At inlet or island;
Straight by the compass steer,
Straight for the highland.

Set thy sail carefully,
Darkness is round thee;
Steer thy course steadily,
Quicksands may ground thee.

Fear not the darkness,
Dread not the night;
God's word is thy compass,
Christ is thy light.

A PRAYER.

Almighty God, thine eye is upon all men: there is nothing hidden from thy judgment: all things are

naked and open unto the eyes of him with whom we have to do: this is our supreme joy, and this is our supreme dread. When our hearts are rising towards thee our delight is to know that thou art looking on, and drawing us toward thyself with new love and new power; but when our hearts are going astray from righteousness and truth and light, the onlooking God is the plague of our life. Work in us so mightily by thy Holy Spirit that we shall be thy children, sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty, always desiring the ascend to things heavenly and to enjoy communion with our Father. Then shall thine onlooking eye make our day, thy presence shall be our defence, and thy comfort shall enlarge and delight our souls. Thou hast stretched out thine hand towards us in offers and welcomes; the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost: we are lost, we need to be sought; Son of God' Shepherd of the Universe, come after us, recover us from our wandering, and bring us home again!

NOTHING LASTS ALWAY.

There is a world of comfort in the thought that sooner or later all the unpleasant things, the hard things, the clouds that hang so heavy over our poor little bit of sky—all, all will pass away, for "nothing lasts alway." There are pleasant surprises in store for us if we are honestly doing the best we can, bearing with a fair measure even of patience the trials and burdens of each succeeding day, and living on the strength of a hope that the sky will clear, and the sun will shine after a time and we can wait.

There are some who try to believe, and to make others believe that the joys of life are greater than its sorrows, that its bright days number more than the dark ones and that the rule is for more happiness than unhappiness in an ordinary life. If this be true why did the Master dwell so much upon the fact that we must learn to meet and grapple with both physical and mental pain? Why urge the duty of being "strong" to overcome, to endure? Why tell his followers of the "tribulation" they must meet that could only be borne through an implicit faith in him who had "overcome" for their sakes? Think of your own, or of any other life whose secret sorrows have been only partially known to you. Have not the times when the heart was pierced through and through with some great trial or cruel sorrow produced effects that it took months and years, yes, perhaps a lifetime to recover from—enough that life seemed, not joyous, or even happy, but just more quiet and peaceful? How many days have been filled with exuberant joy, cloudless, bright, free from even a haunting premonition of coming ills? How many have brought toe deep thrills of joy that the knowledge of a coming trouble could not, nor did not dim, joy which filled the heart so that it had no room for sadness? Yet there came a time when the arrow of a great affliction found its way to your heart and you forgot to ge glad for so long that it seemed ages since the burden was laid upon you and joy fled before it.

Why it is that the effects of pain are so much more lasting than the effects of pleasure we may not know, but life proves the fact that this is true. We forget so many of the ordinary pleasant things that have come to us, but we hold to the memory of that which has hurt, and will not, or cannot let it die. It is true that there are beautiful days and sweet experiences which are never forgotten, but that they equal the unpleasant ones or outnumber the bitter is questionable. The comfort we find is that "nothing lasts" always. When the winter of life seems particularly long and severe, with patience we wait the first bird note that heralds our release from suffering, if only for a season. We may always have faith that joy will find its way back some day to the saddest heart if the door is not kept closed against it. And, too, we may be sure that the Father understands, that he knows just how sorely we were hurt and how courageously we have striven to overcome, and while we may have been largely the cause of our own sorrows, still he pities and has promised to lift us "out of the depths" if we but ask him.

"So patiently I strive to stand and wait
Through all the glories of the changing years;
Wait till his hand shall lead me through the gate,
And change my sighs to songs, to smiles my tears."

Young People.

THE ONE WHO FAILED.

"Mr. Wright, may I speak to you a minute?"

The busy lawyer gave his revolving chair a sudden whirl, and faced a tall, resolute looking boy, with a strap of schol books across his shoulder.

"Certainly, Philip; sit down, my boy."

"Thank you, sir, I haven't time; it's almost school hour. I just want to say, Mr. Wright, that I'd like you to get somebody else to lead the Society."

"You want to give up your job, Phil?"

"I don't want to, exactly, but I ought. The truth is, Mr. Wright, I've failed, and I know somebody else could do better."

The gentleman was thinking what a young face this was to wear that bitter sense of failure so plainly written out; but he spoke encouragingly.

"Why do you think you have failed, Philip? How about that 'try, try again' plan?"

"We did try again, Mr. Wright. You know we set ourselves to prevent Dobbs from opening a saloon on the corner of Bolton and Pelham streets; we worked like everything getting petitions signed. But we failed; the saloon is open, and the very boys that we are trying to help, by keeping the saloon away, are jeering at us all the time now, and calling us church lambs, and pretty pigeons, and things like that."

Mr. Wright could not help smiling at the very unlamblike expression; but there was no time to discuss the matter now.

"Suppose you don't take any steps about giving up until after the next meeting," he said. "I would like to be with you at that meeting. I have just been reading a true story about one who failed. It is a thrilling tale; I would like to tell it to your boys. What do you say?"

"Thank you, sir; that will bring the boys together, I'm sure. Some of them are pretty low down—worse than I am! Thank you, Mr. Wright; good-morning," and the door swung to on boy and books.

The next week the members rallied in great force. Mr. Wright had organized them a year before, and given them a start; but he had a Sabbath afternoon mission school in a distant part of the city, and this was the first time the boys had heard from him for some time.

The meeting was called to order by Philip Sears, who read a few verses from the Bible; a short prayer was made by another of the boys, and "Onward, Christian Soldiers" was given in fine style. Then Mr. Wright got up and faced the boys.

"Your leader has been telling me," Mr. Wright said, in his easy, you-and-me style, "that your chapter has failed in a first class fight it has been waging against the whisky business, and that you boys are a good deal cut up over the failure. I think this is a good time for me to repeat to you a true story of a fellow who failed on a big scale, about three hundred years ago, whose failure any one of us would now be proud to claim.

"When I tell you that this young Englishman made four stubborn, painful, dangerous attempts to find a western waterway to the Indies; that he got nearer to the North Pole than any other sailor of his day; that he failed every time to find his northwest passage, and that he was finally turned adrift in an open boat, with his young son, on a wild waste of water, never to be seen or heard from again—perhaps you can name my man who failed."

Mr. Wright paused. "Henry Hudson," said one of the older boys, recognizing the tragedy.

"It was Henry Hudson," continued the story-teller, "who thus made four big, extensive and humiliating failures, and finally lost his life in a shameful and pitiful way, as far as ever from the goal of his purpose.

"But look here, boys. Henry Hudson's first voyage opened up the great Spitzbergen whale fisheries, by which thousands of families have been supported, commerce advanced, and the interests of the race served for these hundreds of years. Henry Hudson's second voyage opened up the fur trade, which has been almost as great an enterprise as the other. Henry Hudson's third voyage—setting sail from the Zuyder Zee this time—established the Dutch on Manhattan Island, and laid the foundation of the city of New York; and his fourth voyage gave his name to one of the most beautiful rives of America, and an example of noble heroism and skill to all future races of men. How is that for a failure, boys?"

The young people sat very still in their places, but there was a glow on their faces, and their eyes were shining. Unless I am much mistaken, the corner saloon began to be in danger while the noble tale was being told. Mr. Wright did not have much more to say.

"Take care," he concluded, "how you dare to write 'failure' on a work into which a man or a bov has really put the strength of his life. If the thing pleases God, though it may seem to go down like Henry Hudson's body, fathoms deep, he is keeping for it—somewhere, somewhere—a glorious success, like the great sailor's. And I give you my word, my young friends, I believe the baffling of a single saloon is of more importance in eternity than sailing across the Arctic Sea."

Philip Sears did not give up his place. Those young Christians took a brace, and gave themselves another year's lease on their job (the saloon's license ran for a year), and the last I heard of the matter was a message sent them by a business man who had refused to sign their first petition, and jeered at them for "a meddlesome pack of gids." Now he sent them word to come and see him about the matter again—he "liked a fellow that never knew when he was whipped!"—The Classmate.

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THE BEST I CAN.

One night when the sun had disappeared and birds had tucked their heads beneath their wings to rest, one of the night birds flew close to an electric light.

"Of what use are you?" aswed the bird. "You give so little light compared with the sun."

"I do the best I can," said the light. "Think how dark this corner would be if I were not here! People walking and driving might run into one another, and some one might get hurt."

"That's true," said the bird, and away he flew. Then he came near a gaslight, standing apart from houses and busy streets.

"Of what use are you?" aswed the bird. You do not give as much light as the electric light."

"I do the best I can," said the light. "Do you not see that steep bank just beyond? If I were not here, some one might fail to see it and fall."

"That's true," said the bird, and away he flew. Soon his sharp eyes espied a lamp in a window.

"Of what use are you? asked the bird. "You do not give as much light as the gaslight."

"I do the best I can. I am in the window to throw light down the path, that Farmer Brown may see the way when he comes home. I do the best I can."

"That's true," said the bird, and away he flew.

But again his sharp eyes espied a light—a tiny candle in a nursery window.

"Of what use are you?" asked the bird. "Your light is so small. You do not give even as much light as a lamp."

"I do the best I can," said the candle, "and I can easily be carried from room to room. Nurse uses me when she gives the children a drink of water at night or sees that they are snugly covered up in bed. I do the best I can."

"That's true," said the bird, and away he flew, thinking, as he saw the many lights here and there, little and great: "All are helpers."—Kindergarten Review.

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